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Run Away



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Chapter 1 by Totally Olive

I'm Olivia and I'm a run away with a few others. We ran from the orphanage when I was 6 , Donny was 7, Tyler was 8 and Mitch was the oldest at 10. We ran away a day before my birthday ,February 14th.We live in the allies of London. Its a nice a city , well it was quite big in the eyes of a six year old. No one questioned four young children walking around London. There was an abandoned house that we decided to make home. There was 4 rooms . One was a light lavender color . I chose that one for me there was a nice bed some clothes and shoes. And the boys chose theirs.

One day we were walking around London when Mitch came running back.

"Guys run I stole something and now the cops are after me!" he said running off.

"Mitch!" we all yelled and ran after him as we saw two cops turn the corner.

"Are life was so simple till you started stealing things for us!" Tyler yelled.

"Come on quick!" He yelled back at us. I sighed this was a normal every day thing for us to have happen. We turn a corner and next thing we know its a dead end.

"Crap!" Mitch yelled

"Language" Donny yelled covering my ears. Next thing we know the cops turn the corner

"Uh Oh" I said.

Chapter 2 by Brock Thompson

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"Olivia, run Plan C!" Mitch
when I fake cried to make
were discussing what to do.

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in Cw as a codename for
scope while the officers

It worked every time.

As the officers barreled toward us, tears sprung up in my eyes. I sat down hard, and I could immediately hear the cops' pace slow. I hid my smile behind my tear-soaked hands.

Chapter 3 by gaysmolbean



Someone gets sick and need medicine but they cant afford it!

Money was often a problem for us. Sure, we could steal stuff, but unless it was actual cash, we couldn't really sell the things we accumulated.

It was terrible when Tyler got sick.

It was about a year after we ran away. We were walking the city, just after looking in the park for loose change, when Tyler fell to the ground. Donny noticed first, and, being the cry-baby he is, immediately started sobbing. This, in turn, alerted the rest of the group.

Mitch and Donny hauled him back to the house, which was only four blocks away. Even though he was trying to hide it, I could tell how scared Mitch was. His face was almost as white as Tyler's.

When we got back to the house, we immediately had to decide where to put still-unconscious Tyler. We considered the bottom floor, but eventually decided on putting him upstairs in his room. Even if it would be harder to get him there, we figured he'd be more comfortable.

I was sent to fetch water by Mitch. Whenever something happened, we all just looked to Mitch for guidance. Not only was he the oldest, but he was a natural leader, as well. I just hoped whatever Tyler had wouldn't get to Mitch, too.

Over the next week we were able to somewhat stabilize Tyler's condition. He was at least conscious most of the time and ate what food we could get him.

He never was the same, though, up to his final days.

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Chapter 4 by Abyss



It had been almost a week since Tyler's condition had improved. He was still complaining of severe headaches and would occasionally start to randomly dance in his bed. Mitch called it a

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seizure, whatever that was.

It was Thursday, the sixth night since Tyler fell unconscious. I lay in bed (a couch), on the second floor, and stared at the ceiling. Unlike the others, I liked to sleep for long periods at a time. Not because I loved sleeping itself, but because of Jack.

When I was young, I had overheard a few adults talking about me in another room. They were talking about me. They said that I had a "variant" of something called "dissociative identity disorder". They whispered amongst themselves, saying that I had developed a self-aware imaginary friend in my head. I just thought they hated Jack.

That night, I was in my mindscape again. I sat on a boulder in the middle of a sparkling stream surrounded by flowery grassy hills under the warm sun. My white dress billowed and a warm breeze ruffled my long, silky hair. Jack was behind me. I could not actually see him, but I could always somehow feel him. Weird, but aren't all dreams so?

"Jack?" I called. "What?" His voice rang out in my mind. Huh. My mind within the mindscape of my mind. Anyways...

"What do you think is wrong with Tyler?"

Silence followed. As I suspected, he knew nothing as well.

"He has a few hours left to live. Um... Until 4:45am, if I am correct."

I was taken aback. "Jack, how-"

My world shook, as if a violent earthquake possessed my mind. Soon, my surroundings dissolved into a blur of colours, eventually fading to black.

"Olivia, wake up!" A shrill voice pierced my ears. I sat up instantly. "What? Who?"

Mitch pulled me up. "There are people with guns downstairs!" He dashed out of the room, and I followed. I glanced at the clock as I ran out. 4:30am. Wait...

As I ran past the stairs, I ducked under a shower of bullets. What was this?

"There she is! You blundering fool, don't shoot her! Seize her!"

I dove into Tyler's room, where everyone was gathered.

"What are we going to do?" Donny cried. Mitch pressed a finger to his lips and pulled the door shut, locking it. "Guys, I think they're after me!" I whispered. Footsteps shook the ground as the invaders thundered up the stairs.

"This is it! The time to go! Run! Run! Run!" Mitch yelled. He pulled me up and said, "You can make it to the roof of the building. Jump!"

"What about Ty?" Donny asked. I didn't know. Mitch nodded as he stood and walked to the window, pale and sick.

Mitch nodded. "Go first, Ty." Tyler nodded as he took a few steps back. "W-Wait!" I called. "One of us should be on the other side in case someone can't make it." Mitch nodded. "Since I'm the

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strongest, I can help pull you guys up if you fall short. I'll go."

He darted to the window and leapt, coiling as he passed through the window and sailed across the street. He landed on the other side with a skill roll. He was always the acrobatic one.

Tyler went next, displaying more steadiness and determination than he ever had since he fell sick. He coiled through the window as he leapt and landed roughly beside Mitch, who clapped excitedly.

"Olivia, go-"

"Donny, go first! No arguments, just hurry up and go!"

Donny nodded with teary eyes and sprinted towards the window, jumping and coiling through. He slipped on the edge of the building and almost fell. Luckily, Mitch reached out and seized his hand, pulling him over. He beckoned me to jump.

I took a few steps back to sprint, just as the door burst open. "Grab the prophetess!" I turned as they ran towards me. Wasting no time, I darted forward and dove through the window, flying towards Mitch. In my mind, a foreign voice suddenly rang out.

"4:45am."

A few bullets sailed past me. Time seemed to slow, as I sailed towards Mitch's open arms.

Suddenly, I spotted Tyler, with wide eyes as he clutched his crimson chest. Time sped back up and I crashed against Mitch. It would have been romantic if not for the fact that Tyler was dying and people were trying to capture and/or kill us.

"You idiot! You killed our spy?! So much Ipecac and dance lessons wasted because of you, you imbecile!" A voice rang from the apartment.

Spy? Tyler...?

"Ty, no!" Donny kneeled beside Tyler. I scrambled back up as Mitch hurried over to the dead boy. I turned to see them vanish. "No, no, no..." Mitch kneeled beside Tyler.

Something else bothered me. Did they call me... Prophetess?

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